

The Critic

A Weekly Review of Literature and the Arts

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Authors at Home

Capt. A. T. Mahan in New York *

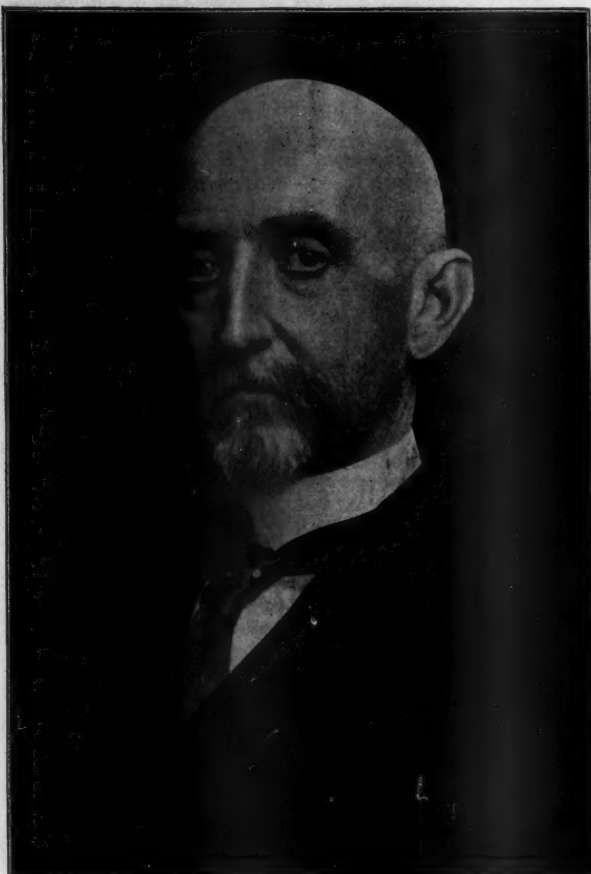
THE HOME of a captain of the navy, retired, presents itself to the imagination as a substantial dwelling of the colonial sort, in one of the older seaports like New Bedford or Portsmouth, within sound of the sea, where the veteran can sit on his porch and view the passing of ships. Or it is on one of the slopes of the Hudson above Spuyten Duyvil, or near the Narrows on the Staten or the Long Island shore. Perhaps there is a lawn, with a stand for a telescope; there may be reminiscences of the older sort in the way of great seashells ranged about the flower-beds; but if nothing so obvious is to be seen, then the hall has a model of a famous fighting ship or pictures of sea fights on the walls.

This is the home of the retired naval officer as it used to be. At Marion, Massachusetts, the house of Admiral Harwood is typical, looking out, at the back, on the quiet, isle-dotted stretches of Sippican Harbor, and commanding from its upper windows many miles of Buzzard's Bay, while its venerable front, shaded by elms, gazes on the quietest street of a quiet village, where the greatest exertion of which the true native is capable consists of the digging of a peck of clams, or the hooking of a "mess of fish" for the family larder.

There was no White Squadron in those days; there were no literary admirals to speak of. Things have changed. Capt. A. T. Mahan lives, 'tis true, in a colonial house, but it is the colonial house of modern times in one of the fine streets to the west of Central Park, in which there reigns an atmosphere of worldliness and well-being. Not that I would suggest that he lives like a millionaire, but that he is intensely modern as well in the house he inhabits as in his personality. Polished, reserved, urbane, there is nothing of the bluff old seadog about the man, and nothing of the seadog's haunt about his house.

The naval officer, however, shows in the extreme simplicity of taste within and without. Order and a Dutch cleanliness reign throughout a dwelling which might be that of a college professor, or literary man, or artist, rather than a famous graduate of the Naval Academy. The White Squadron is reflected in the color of the façade and the white wainscoting of hall and library. One of the most pleasant impressions aboard a man-of-war is that of feeling that everything from rigging to engine-room must have been hosed down, scrubbed, scraped and painted just so many times a week. That is the impression one gets from Capt. Mahan's home.

*New series. Dr. C. C. Abbott, 18 Dec. 1897. Mr. F. Marion Crawford, 15 Jan. 1898. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Feb. 19. Miss Mary E. Wilkins, March 5. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, April 2. Mr. Frank R. Stockton, April 16. Mr. E. L. Godkin, April 30.



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CAPT. A. T. MAHAN

And the suave gentleman who is the master here is far removed from any older type of retired naval hero; from such a type, for instance, as the late Admiral "Tom" Craven, whose short, powerful figure, burly ways, jovial talk and voice that came in surprising growls from a yard below his own feet marked him out as a character before one said a word to him. He is even apart from the very different type one sees in Admiral Luce, who may be termed the sailor diplomat, prepared to shine in society and at courts without losing one whit of effectiveness as a thorough seaman and gallant fighter. Capt. Mahan is that most modern of all sailors—the sailor student.

The rôle is one of the hardest, because life at sea is so broken up by the routine of duty that a seaman has no time for study or literary work, even when he can do without a library—a thing not to be thought of in an historian. Had it not been for a term of shore duty passed at Newport, perhaps the second book published by Capt. Mahan, which was the first whereby his name became widely known, would never have seen the light. The Captain's first venture into print was undertaken at the request of Messrs. Scribner, who asked him to write the volume on the navy for their series of monographs on the civil war. It is written with the conscientiousness of the officer who has a task before him and does it in the quickest and most precise way within the limits set. But one does not find in it the touch of interest in the work as it is doing, which communicates itself to the reader and sometimes accounts for the fact that very longwinded and very dry books may hold the attention. It was when Capt. Mahan began to write on the influence of sea-power upon history that

his own interest flamed up and his chapters became warm with a subject self-chosen and congenial to the personality of the author.

The difference between a book suggested by a publisher and one that came unsuggested, direct from the author's mind, might seem readily apparent to the professional reader for publishers. But in Capt. Mahan's case more than one publisher rejected the "Influence of Sea Power" and the writer was on the point of making for himself the hazardous venture of its publication when he found at last, in Messrs. Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, a firm that believed in the financial future of the undertaking. Since then the work on Nelson has appeared. At present Capt. Mahan is preparing a third "sea-power" work, which will treat of the naval war of 1812 between Great Britain and the United States.

Capt. Mahan is a very methodical worker who leaves as little as possible to chance; his training in the Naval Academy and at sea stands him in good stead. He does not work too hard and thoroughly understands the virtue of steady labor in accomplishing great things. He is eminently cool and collected, weighing all the pros and cons beforehand and assembling all his materials with method and forethought. To him a new book is like a naval battle; by far the greater part of it consists of complete preparation. His coolness is not the least to be seen in the manner with which he has received all those flattering testimonials to the worth of his books which have rained upon him at home and abroad.

Capt. Mahan has had degrees from Oxford and Cambridge, from Yale and Harvard. His books have been translated into various modern languages. The highest officials of the British Navy have testified that they have read his pages with delight and instructed themselves thereby. His Consecrated Personality, the German Emperor, has distinguished Capt. Mahan by speaking in the most glowing terms of his "Influence of Sea Power"—and those who know Wilhelm II best are well assured of his learning, the vigor of his understanding and his right to an opinion on naval as well as military matters,—and he has advised his naval officers to read Capt. Mahan's books. Yet the success earned by the Captain in a field apart from practical seamanship, albeit in connection with the sea, has not fostered in him a particle of that *outrécuidance* one often finds so oddly and at times so funnily manifested by men who succeed in a direction different from the lines in which their own profession moves.

On the contrary, Capt. Mahan has a nervous horror of the interviewer, not merely because in these troublous times, when strenuous reporters and correspondents lurk in every bush to waylay anyone whose opinion upon naval matters might furnish copy for "scare heads" and display type, he is in greater peril than he was during the Civil War, but because he is genuinely modest. One may fairly suspect that the mere idea of talking about himself and his books makes him tongue-tied. He can not conceive of himself as an object of interest.

Whatever may be his real views as to immediate questions of great moment, such as Cuba, Hawaii or Manila there can be no doubt of his belief in the central argument of the "Influence of Sea Power," that nations failing to hold their own on the seas gradually gravitate to lower levels in the national struggle for existence. It is eminently a naval man's view. Perhaps in some of his arguments he is a special pleader; perhaps in his pursuit of the main idea he loses sight of arguments which might be adduced on the other side. He writes not only from the sailor's point of view, but from that of the Anglo-Saxon, or rather the Anglo-American, to use a more definite and sensible term. Naval men in Europe as well as here are certain to be more impressed by the sea-power of Great Britain than by any other one thing, together with the corollaries of that power, her commerce and

merchant marine, her colonies and fortified points on the shores of every sea. It is not easy for them to conceive of greatness in a nation without these things. Their natural impulse is to recommend that she be imitated. Hence the moves of Germany in Africa and China, of France in Madagascar and Tonkin. Hence the warm acceptance of Capt. Mahan's books in England, Germany and the United States. When nations are reaching out to seize on what is left of the globe unappropriated, they are glad of arguments that offer a justification for their action, if it merely be an argument for the inevitable destiny of certain lands to fall to certain races.

CHARLES DE KAY.

Literature

Molière

Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Vol. VI. Roberts Bros.

MISS WORMELEY'S pleasant and readable translations of Molière have reached the sixth volume, which contains the "Étourdi," "The Forced Marriage," "The Doctor in Spite of Himself" and "The Criticism on the School for Women." The extraordinary powers of the great writer as a critic of social and professional transgressions, of the false ideal of education in the times of the Grand Monarque, and the whimsies of the court circle are nowhere more individually seen than in this group of four comedies. Molière's *wanderjahre* in the provinces close in 1653 with "The Giddy-Pate," the only rival of which then on the French stage was Corneille's "Liar." Of this Voltaire said that it was "merely a translation, though it is probable that we owe Molière to this translation": it was just the stimulus the comedian needed to begin his wonderful career as dramatic author in producing the long series of masterpieces that followed "L'Étourdi." Corneille thus started not only Molière but Racine: both the younger writers lead up genealogically straight to the grand old attorney of Rouen. Molière himself confessed that but for "Le Menteur" he might never have written "Le Misanthrope." The cheerful "Giddy-Pate" excited even the gaiety of old Pepys, who recorded in his Diary:—"I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit, not fooling," the translation being attributed to Dryden.

Molière was such a favorite with the king that when "Le Mariage Forcé" was played in 1664, Louis XIV danced in some of the interludes. It satirized in most mirthful fashion the Aristotelianism of the day and contributed powerfully to its ultimate expulsion from the lecture-rooms and salons of Paris. The "Médecin Malgré Lui," first played in 1666 (misprinted 1866), is the first of those celebrated plays in which the author so mercilessly ridiculed the quacks of the seventeenth century, and it enrolled him among the most effective and powerful reformers known to history. Paul de St. Victor, in his admirable "Deux Masques," has a sympathetic study of this side of Molière's art and the power he wielded through laughter in regenerating the fallen profession of medicine. He expired while uttering the word *juro* (I swear) in the most remarkable of the medical comedies—"Le Malade Imaginaire" ("The Hypochondriac").

In the "Critique de l'École des Femmes" Molière shows his power over dialogue as a self-revealing engine of comedy, and, incidentally, his marvellous knowledge of human nature. In this airy world of wit and humor the pedant women of the day and the 80-ton dons swim as lightly as feathers, so nimble is the pen that paints them, so telling the strokes that impale them. Dons and prudes, pedants and bores were his holy horror, and over and over again he returns to the assault in the hope of laughing them out of existence. As an illustration of Molière's power, it is said that when Napoleon was lavishly restoring the titles of the old nobility—duke, count, etc.—he dared not revive the title of *marquis*, so strongly did the "scent" of Molière's ridicule "hang round it still."

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THE WORLD has waited for forty-seven years for a satisfactory biography of one of our greatest naturalists; one whose name is more familiar to the people generally than is that of any other who has worked as sincerely and effectively in the same or allied paths. It is much to be wondered at, too, that this is the case, for the publications of this man have never been accessible to the public. Only on rarest occasions do we find the "elephant folios" in public libraries, and then under lock and key and inaccessible to the ordinary reader; and the less expensive work in seven huge octavos is by no means commonly seen and is often guarded by librarians with the same jealous care; so that young people, to whom the work particularly appeals, only through lucky chance had glimpses of the wonderful illustrations, and could merely glance at the text. Yet, strange to say, every boy who ever loved a bird and essayed in humble way to acquaint himself with the ornithology of his home, was familiar with the name of Audubon. The fame of the man filled the country, in spite of the persistent attacks made upon him; and even some institutions listened more to the envious snapping and snarling of curs at his heels, than to the object of their petty and ineffective persecution.

Fashionable and foppish in his early years, when cares were few and money fairly abundant, these weaknesses did him no real harm and never, when misfortune came, did a man more bravely face the world and overcome the obstacles thickly strewn in his path; and, strange to say, his tastes change to those of simplicity. He was glad to dine "without pomp or ostentation; it is the only true way to live." His European journals, constituting about one-half of Vol. I, bring out forcibly the struggles of a man whose business does not appeal to a wide audience, at least to the extent of spending about \$1000 for a book. Few men have lived who would or could have faced discouragement so long. "My heart is heavy," he exclaims, "for hopes are not facts." Yet he does not quite despair. These experiences in Europe, while endeavoring to secure the patronage needful to publish his great work, are pleasingly told, and make, as a whole, an excellent essay on the value of friendships.

The other journals given are those of his trip to Labrador in 1833—not 1883, as printed in the table-of-contents,—and the account of his trip up the Missouri River, ten years later. These, with his autobiographic sketch entitled "Myself," constitute Vol. I, which is embellished with twenty-two illustrations, largely portraits. The second volume, with fifteen illustrations, is made up of the conclusion of the Missouri River journals and fifty-eight episodes. Dreary, cold, rainy Labrador is picturesquely described and to our mind this shorter journal is more interesting than that of the region of our great mid-continental river. The reader must always bear in mind when these journals were written. Time has wrought many changes since then; and these differences are carefully noted by Dr. Coues in brief but lucid foot-notes.

Audubon frequently bemoaned his ability to write acceptably and once longed for Walter Scott to visit this country and do justice to its beauties. Without him, or one his equal, Audubon thought "these beauties must perish unknown to the world." As it proves, the great ornithologist did his literary work sufficiently well. "I write as I think I see," he puts on record, and this is better than merely fine writing. He placed a manuscript once in the hands of a learned professor, and records that before being read to a learned assembly, it had been altered so much "that I was quite shocked at it, it made me quite sick. He had, beyond question, greatly improved the style (for I have none), but he had destroyed the matter." To-day, accuracy and style are welcome to most readers, but in treating of nature, truth must have preference.

Miss Aududon has done her part admirably in the preparation of these volumes, and much credit is due her, notwithstanding she has been ably seconded by Dr. Elliott Coues and others who have made our birds familiar to so many thousands. No one, whether interested in ornithology or not, can read these beautiful volumes without being both instructed and entertained. It is a book of which Americans may well be proud.

"A Treasury of American Verse"

Edited by Walter Learned. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

PARNASSUS—when it comes to a matter of current topography—has, like the Swiss Rigi, many tops. There is one Parnassus of the Realistic-Dialect-Ballad order of verse, another Parnassus of the Psychological-Præ-Raphaelite-Symbolic school, etc., etc. Each one of the many tops, according to the observer's point of view, appears to be the true Culm of the Mountain of Song; and any anthology in which there is a prevalence of contemporary verse, is likely to favor that particular list of Forty Immortals whom the selector may chance to behold in magnified proportions as regards the rest of the singing brotherhood. In some respects the reader is a gainer, if the editor of an anthology belong not to the brotherhood, but is of the unpartisan laity; no one coterie of muses is favored to the prejudice of another. But the poetic craftsman, on the other hand, brings to bear experience and taste which are lacking to the layman, however hospitable the latter may be in his welcome to each and all, without reference to any special school of poets.

Mr. Walter Learned, for instance, in his "Treasury of American Verse," has, it seems to us, embodied what is best in the two methods. While most catholic in his range of appreciation and selections, laying aside any predilections which he himself, as a builder of verse, may have, he has exercised the judgment and knowledge of the skilled artificer; in nearly every case selecting from his authors such work as they themselves would be best pleased to have represent them. His collection is, by intention, popular in its character and appeal. In his modest prefatory note he says that it claims to be "no more than a collection of those poems which every one knows, and a few more which the editor hopes that some would like to know and keep." In the three hundred pages of his editorial work are included one hundred and fourteen poets, and (if our numeration be correct) two hundred and fifteen poems. This gives to each author an average of one poem and a troublesome and cumbrous fraction of another poem! The exigency of space and the embarrassment of riches to be crowded thereinto, will readily occur in explanation, when we seek for certain names, especially of the singers of an elder day, and find them not. As, for instance, though Halleck's immortal Lament "On the Death of Joseph Rodman Drake" is included, the author of "The Culprit Fay" is not. We are gratified by the liberal allowance of Longfellow and of Holmes; and the three selections from Bryant are the three of all hearts' election, we believe. We could have wished, however, for a fuller representation of the work of Stoddard and Stedman, to whom the living choir of American singers must look as to their leaders. Also, we might sigh for more of the music than is given us here of that too early-gone Bion among our country's melodists, Sidney Lanier. We are, nevertheless, indisposed to cavil; for Mr. Learned has brought together in his collection a most charming variety of verse, and all of wide human interest. He has gone east, west and south, divining-rod in hand, and has found many a shy spring of song, but of the true Pierian crystal. Many a poem which has traveled without certain identification of authorship, is here accredited to its maker. Such, for instance, are the two remarkable stanzas of Susan Spaulding, entitled "Fate." While Mr. Learned has given us everybody's favorites, he

has made good his word in the preface of his book, and has introduced us to various unfamiliar poems which we shall "like to know and keep." There are dainty felicities from the pen of Charles Henry Webb, with which we were unacquainted, and also from the work of the ever-regretted H. C. Bunner, whose "Holiday Home," with its breezy refrain, "New London, New London, New London, ahoy!" we do not remember having met with before. Among other selections, of a fresh, unhackneyed character, we note a poem of peculiar beauty entitled "The Burden of Night," by S. R. Elliott; from which we quote (correcting some obvious misprints):—

"How dark it grows! The grieved light of day
Down the horizon takes its sullen way,
Yet leaves upon the jagged mountain's crest
A half-burned ember glimmering in the west;
As some vast army, moving in the night,
Should leave its smoldering camp-fires still alight,
Whose mournful red awhile the gloaming stains,
Unsatisfied, reproachful, as it wanes:—
How dark it grows—how dark!"

We cannot leave the "Treasury" without calling attention to the dexterity of arrangement by which (without the usual formal division of subjects) poems of like mood and sentiment are grouped together, and this without repetition or monotony. Thus, we have little anthologies within the anthology. Now, it is a sequence of rousing sea-ballads; anon, a succession of poems treating quaint New England themes; or the theme is childhood, with its pranks and its pathos. Again, it is the poet's field of natural history (or, rather, of natural romance) through which the muses, hand in hand, lead us along. Finally, and to close with, there is an exquisite cadence of love-songs, rounded by the perfect lyric "Good Night." This is given as "anonymous," but, if we mistake not, it was written by Dr. Weir Mitchell. However that may be, the two stanzas of delicious lingering leave-taking have all the subtle art and simple tenderness we recall in Aldrich's lines on the same subject.

"Good night! Good night! Ah, good the night
That wraps thee in its silver light,
Good night! No night is good for me,
That does not hold a thought of thee.
Good night!"

The collection is supplied with three several indexes.

"The Red Bridge Neighborhood"

A Novel. By Maria Louise Pool. Harper & Bros.

THE unlovely characters found in this book are by no means confined to New England. Meanness as pronounced as in the Nawns is universal, and more's the pity some plague wouldn't catch and carry off the whole lot. The sun would shine the brighter; but there was sunshine in the Red Bridge neighborhood even when the skies were veiled with blackest clouds, for gloom cannot gather where women like Olive are found.

The people that Miss Maria Louise Pool draws always stand out very distinctly. They are always in the right place and say the right thing at the right moment, and when this can be truthfully said of any novel, what remains? We have spoken of the meanness of the Nawns, but as great a meanness as theirs is for the reviewer to go into details concerning the plot and characters, and so rob the reader of a good deal of pleasure. It should be sufficient to say that the reputation attained by the author in earlier volumes is wholly sustained by the volume under consideration. We do not believe her readers will be disappointed, although the story is distinctly a gloomy one, when they sit down to learn what occurred at the Nawn house in the Red Bridge neighborhood; and while they may have wished, now and then, for some incident full of fun and laughter and general jollity, they will feel compensated by the conclusion, when time finally sets all things even and happiness replaces undesired heart-burnings. (See page 364.)

"The Life of Charles Carroll of Carrollton: 1737-1832"
With his Correspondence and Public Papers. By Kate Mason Rowland. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE LAST signer of the famous Declaration of Independence died in 1832, just fifty-six years after the promulgation of that glorious instrument. This was the venerable Charles Carroll of Carrollton, at the time ninety-five years old.

The family to which this remarkable man belonged has been socially and politically distinguished in Maryland for nearly 200 years: an Irish family originally, strong in the Catholic faith to this day. Charles Carroll added one more instance of the power of the virgin wilderness to produce men like Jefferson, Adams, Washington—the long list of illustrious signers whose signatures revolutionized the world and introduced a new order of things in 1776. Born in Maryland in 1737, Carroll, like Jefferson, had the benefit of European training, priestly in its early influences and associations to be sure, but soundly classical and broad in its fundamentals. The untiring labors of Miss Rowland, already so favorably known as the historian of George Mason, has unearthed a vast medley of Carroll correspondence which sets this celebrated "signer" for the first time in a perfectly clear light before us. We follow him as a boy, in his rather old-fashioned eighteenth-century letters, through his study courses in London and Paris from his twenty-first to his twenty-eighth year, at the Temple and the Collège Louis Le Grand; we see him dancing and acquiring the social accomplishments of the time, sitting for his portrait to Sir Joshua, making friendships with famous contemporaries like Cecilius Calvert, listening in Parliament to the great Pitt in 1763, and becoming friendly with Edmund Burke.

He was full of Locke and Cicero, of law, philosophy, and "accounts," how he frequented the "Crown and Anchor," the inn in Arundel Street where Boswell and Dr. Johnson were favored guests. At 27 he was one of the most polished and accomplished gentlemen of his age, just returned to Maryland to engage in politics—and matrimony. About 1771 began the long and cordial intimacy with Washington which continued unimpaired through all subsequent years, even amid all the intricacies of Federal politics. From her superabundant material Miss Rowland constructs crowded chapters on his controversy with Dulany about taxation, his mission to Canada in 1775-6, his work as a constitution maker in 1776-7, associated with other memorable men, and his brilliant career in the Continental Congress of 1777-8. A great deal of valuable original material, hitherto unpublished, is used by the industrious historian in weaving these graphic chapters. Few American families, however historical, can show such a mass of MSS., interesting not only to the technical historian but to the chronicler of social phenomena in a past generation.

Vol. I ends with the letters of the "First Citizen," the pseudonym of Charles Carroll in the Dulany controversy, and contains several interesting pictures of Carroll and his coat-of-arms. The years between 1778 and 1832 are filled with the events of a long and crowded life when the statesman had become an eminent figure in the Maryland Senate, in national politics, and as attorney-general of his native state. The voluminous correspondence here published shows him one of the busiest men of his time, working on the Articles of Confederation, drafting bills in the provincial Assembly, issuing patriotic addresses, and yet finding time for a charming domestic life. A chapter chronicles the condition of Maryland after the Peace of 1783 and the activity of Carroll in legislation of all kinds connected with currency, Tory disabilities, navigation of the Potomac, and the like. He became known as a leader of the Federalists. In 1789 he sat in the United States Senate, then meeting in New York in Federal Hall, corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, and he was present at the inauguration of Washington. Federal and state politics engaged his ver-

satile mind from 1790 to 1792. A strong friendship grew up between him and Washington.

With the beginning of the new century Carroll's public career came to an end. An admirable photograph shows us Doughoregan Manor, the beautiful ancestral home of the Carrolls. In 1832, full of years and honors, venerated wherever he went, a type of the elegant scholar of the olden time, he passed away—to live again in Miss Rowland's full and painstaking volumes.

The Champlain Parkman

Vols. V-VIII of the Writings of Francis Parkman. Little, Brown & Co.

FOUR MORE volumes in this admirable edition have appeared since we noticed the beginning of its publication some weeks ago. Following "The Pioneers of France" and "The Jesuits," we now have two volumes of "La Salle and the Discovery of the Great West," and two of "The Old Régime in Canada." While there is nothing new in this later instalment to note by the side of Mr. Fiske's valuable introductory essay, of which we gave an analysis in our first review, yet the continuation of such a satisfactory definitive edition deserves more than a passing notice. It is to be hoped that by the allurements of excellent paper, good mechanical work, and pleasant binding, some new readers will be enticed to begin the study of Parkman—to begin, we say, for his easy style and his eye for the picturesque in the presentation of facts will carry them along with undiminished interest when once they have tasted the quality of his work.

One is sometimes tempted to wish that the great masters of fiction would give us more of the same continuity which marks the Chinese Theatre, with its plays that are said to last for a week or more before the climax is reached, or which used to delight some of us in days gone by with the seemingly interminable ramifications of family history in the five volumes of Miss Yonge's "Pillars of the House." Something of the same "linked sweetness long drawn out," clings about the thrilling story, filled with romance and adventure, of the exploits of the sister nations on the new field given to their energies in the vast continent of North America. The heroic determination of the indomitable La Salle, thrown into relief by the touches of comedy suggested in the vainglorious narratives of Father Hennequin, and only accentuated by the patient researches into family archives and other obscure sources which give an especial value to the later editions of Parkman's work—the vivid picture which is put before us of life at Quebec and Montreal under Louis XIV, of the rigorist Archbishop whose name is still honored in Canada for a saint's, and his conflict with the civil governors, of La Tour straying into the midst of Puritan Boston and greatly disturbing its peace by his mere presence there—these things, in such skilful hands, yield in no degree of absorbing interest to the plot of a good novel. When, in addition, the reader comes to have the appreciation, which is rapidly becoming more widespread, of the high rank which Mr. Parkman deserves for the more sober and solid qualities of the historian—when his philosophical breadth of view is seen to be combined with the most unwearying care for accuracy in every detail—he has ample reason to value the works which are now presented in a form worthy of their substance. Excellent illustrations, not too numerous, either giving authentic portraits of the actors or depicting typical scenes with the imagination of modern artists, add to its value; and not least praiseworthy is an index such as should be in every historical work under the severest penalties for its omission.

The Atlantic has just restored the American flag to its cover, where it first appeared in 1861. In the June number Prof. Hollis of Harvard writes, as an expert engineer, of modern battleships and their construction.

William Morris's Last Romance*Longmans, Green & Co.*

"THE SUNDERING FLOOD" is, we suppose, the last of the late William Morris's prose romances which it will puzzle his admirers to find a reason for admiring. We may see in them prose draughts of poems like those of "The Earthly Paradise"; but how much they lack the finish, the compression, the occasional fire of these! Their characters are, for the most part, lifeless; their scenery is like that of old tapestry transferred to wall-paper, at once tame and unnatural; their action is incessant but purposeless. The adventures of a straw on a mill-race might be made more interesting than those of his wandering heroes and heroines. That deathly numbness that shows in so many of the more ambitious productions of contemporary British art overlies all of Morris's later work. The habit of regarding work of any kind, and even sport, as a task to be got through with by dogged persistent exertion, without enthusiasm and often without desire, appears to be well-nigh universal with our transatlantic cousins. With most of them, art seems to become—to use a delightful Japanese-English phrase—"a business plodding."

The opening chapters of "The Sundering Flood" are better than the average. There is something of the generous sensationalism of the fairy-tale, in the account of the Child Osberne and his dealings with wolves, with magicians of the vanished race, and with that type of the men who make imperialism a working policy, Hardcastle. But the loves of Osberne and his neighbor Elfhild across the unfordable river, lack the simplicity of old romance; and the succeeding adventures of the hero in the wars are chiefly good to fall asleep over. It is a tale to be listened to with one ear, to fill the background of consciousness with shadows that imperfectly go through the forms of fighting, loving and bargaining, to be forgotten as it unrolls, to carry one at its jog-trot pace into that realm of silence so praised of Maeterlinck.

The Wisdom of the Ancient Brahmans

Philosophy of Ancient India. By Richard Garbe, Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. 2. Sechzig Upanishads des Veda, aus dem Sanskrit übersetzt, von Paul Deussen. Leipzig: Hrochhaus.

THE India of antiquity has ever been proverbial for the depth of its philosophical speculation and abstruse reasoning. The hermit recluses, with matted locks and naked bodies, dwelling alone in forest or remote jungle, have been types of philosophers from time immemorial. Their contemplative meditation by its very repose aroused the interest of the world-conquering Alexander; and from time to time their slowly evolved systems produced waves of thought that have swept over the entire land to the south of the Indus and Ganges. Brahmanism, Buddhism, Jainism, and the later phases of Hinduism, represent distinct stages of successive development in the history of the religion and the philosophy of Hindustan. To any one who feels an interest in the evolution of the earlier thought of the Aryan race, the present two volumes, both the work of Germans, have a special value.

Prof. Garbe, the writer of the former of the two books, is the successor to the renowned Sanskrit scholar Rudolph von Roth, of Tübingen. In three short essays he has given a useful presentation of different aspects of the philosophy of ancient India. The first essay acquaints the reader with the six principal schools of Hindu speculation. The Sankhya school, with its psychological notions and its distinctions drawn between soul and matter, is the more interesting from the modern standpoint. The second essay points out certain historical connections between Indian and Greek philosophy. The third, entitled "Hindu Monism," is worthy of commendation because it presents in a popular way the thesis that the Hindu religious and philosophic doctrine of All-Soul and Self, sprang from the warrior-caste rather than from teachings of the priesthood. The great reformatory movement of Buddhism, with its incalculably far-reaching influence, serves as the best illustration.

Of a more technical character is Deussen's important work, a book of nearly a thousand pages. This is a German translation of sixty Upanishads, or ancient Hindu philosophical treatises on

the Vedas. Deussen himself is a philosopher and he is a recognized authority in this department of Sanskrit literature. He is qualified perhaps as no other living Occidental to deal with the difficult task of rendering into modern terminology the subtle conceptions of the Indian Orient. If a comment is to be made, it is that in the present work he seems to underrate the true value of the old Sanskrit commentator S'ankara. It is interesting for the specialist to notice points in which the translation differs from selections translated by Böhlingk. To conclude, Deussen's work should be in all larger libraries; Garbe's small volume is entitled to find a number of readers.

"What is Good Music"*By W. J. Henderson. Charles Scribner's Sons.*

THERE is an almost feverish anxiety on the part of those who have come to a full realization of their own deficiencies, to cultivate a taste in musical art; therefore such suggestions and words of advice as are offered in Mr. Henderson's latest volume, "What is Good Music?" must be considered timely, and will doubtless prove acceptable to an unusually large circle of readers. A good deal of ground has been covered, and the different chapters on the essentials of form, and on polyphonic, monophonic, romantic, song, and operatic forms—they are treated at some length and in separate order—bear signs of having been most conscientiously worked up with a view to proving instructive, and are not in the least dry nor overlaid with technical terms.

The author seems especially in his element while explaining the characteristics and mission of the different instruments used in modern orchestras, the functions of the three choirs (woodwinds, brass, and strings), and the necessity of acquiring "the habit of ear-analysis" in listening to orchestral performances. "The Emotional in Music" is defined with considerable insight and power, the chapter on this subject being to our thinking the most valuable one in the book. Mr. Henderson is least convincing when he attempts to analyse "solo singing," and two passages (pages 192 and 195) quoted from "The Philosophy of Singing"—a work written by Mrs. Rogers of Boston—prove of a nature to confuse rather than to enlighten the average student, who can scarcely be expected to take kindly to a heavy dose of theories based upon purely scientific principles.

The closing remarks on "The Piano" must also be taken exception to as misleading, for they imply that Liszt's compositions for the piano-forte are limited to such pieces as were written with no higher aim than to reveal the technical resources of the instrument and the executive skill of the pianist. It is hardly possible that Mr. Henderson can have forgotten the eminent Hungarian composer's "Sonata," his "Harmonies Religieuses et Poétiques," "Consolations" and countless descriptive pieces and transcriptions—compositions which certainly test the interpretive powers of the player to the utmost, and can in no sense be dismissed with a half contemptuous allusion to the same writer's "astounding" rhapsodies.

But the book is assuredly above the average work of its kind in point of interest and suggestiveness, and the colloquial style in which it is written, and constant mention of such familiar artists as Paderewski, the de Reszkés and the less favored Italian singers, will go far towards insuring its popularity.

"The Bible Story Retold for Young People"*The Macmillan Co.*

THE reconstruction of the Bible for little folks has had an attraction for many minds: it was one of the things which Lewis Carroll spoke of wishing to do if he had time. But it will always be a matter of doubtful expediency: and we note the appearance of another essay in the field—"The Bible Story, retold for Young People"—without much feeling that the ideal has been reached. Messrs. W. H. Bennett and W. F. Adeney have done, one the Old Testament and the other the New: the two parts are published both separately and together. The former is the less successful, and shows especially the two main defects to which such attempts are liable: the reading into the Bible of the adapter's own preconceptions—as where Mr. Bennett shows in several places what an adult reader would note as rather far-reaching effects of the "Higher Criticism," and instructs his juvenile readers that the stories of the Creation, the Fall, and the Flood "are often thought to be poems or parables rather than history"; and the obscuring rather than elucidating of the original narrative, as when the child is told that David's lament for Jonathan is "a poem like 'Lycidas' or 'In Memoriam.'"

"A World Pilgrimage"

By Rev. J. H. Barrows A. C. McClurg & Co.

THIS BOOK, edited by the author's daughter, Miss Mary E. Barrows, consists of letters written, during a journey round the world, to two Chicago journals, and, as the preface tells us, now published as first printed, "in spite of the hasty writing" necessitated by their preparation while thus "on the wing." They fill some 450 pages, and though they might have been improved by some revision and considerable excision of trivial matter, they are more interesting than the average book of travels—partly because the author is a keen observer and a good writer, and partly because much of the matter has to do with comparatively unfamiliar places and people. Göttingen, for instance, to which the second chapter is devoted, is rarely visited by American tourists; and the description of its university, with reminiscences of eminent men who have studied there—Heine, Coleridge, Bismarck, George Bancroft, Edward Everett and Longfellow—is fresh and entertaining; and so is another chapter on the German university system in general. Cassell, Eisenach, Jena and Wittenberg are also rather out of the beaten track; and this is true of many places described in other portions of the book. A dozen full-page illustrations from photographs add to its attractiveness.

Prof. McMaster's School History.

American Book Co.

SCHOOL HISTORIES of the United States show no signs of perishing from the land. Many different ones have been published in the last few years, and while probably none of them is absolutely bad, yet, to make the concession of a famous Celtic argument, some of them are better than others. Among this class, for many reasons, we are inclined to put Prof. John Bach McMaster's, the latest in the field. As was to be expected from his experience both in formal authorship and viva voce teaching it is especially commendable for a sense of proportion not always found in text-books of the sort, the period of discovery being made subordinate to the political and economic development of the nineteenth century, causes and results taking precedence of mere isolated events. The modern spirit of historical teaching, which conceives it to be more important that a student should know what manner of men lived in a certain period, how they lived and what they thought, than that he should commit to memory a bare list of battles and string of dates, is represented here. The book is decidedly up-to-date, ending with the passage of the Dingley Act of last year, and goes with exceptional fullness into the story of Reconstruction, the growth of the New South and of the West and North-west, the mechanical and industrial progress and financial history of the country, and the careers and principles of modern political parties, thus adding to the things which "every schoolboy" knows a good deal of information which a great many who are more than schoolboys would have done well to learn. The numerous maps are very clear and instructive, and the illustrations are in harmony with the text.

"St. Francis of Assisi"

Thomas Whittaker.

CANON KNOX LITTLE'S "St. Francis of Assisi" is prolix and preachy and neither Catholic nor Rationalist will be wholly satisfied with it; but it appears to be the fruit of a good deal of faithful study of the mediæval sources. Where the author errs most, in our judgment, is in over-careful presentation of every possible point of view. While he sticks to his narrative, all goes well, for there are few stories, legendary or historical, of greater interest. But we soon become aware that his theory is that of the English high-churchman; and then we know what will be the outcome of his elaborate presentation of divergent views. Still he gives a readable account of that failing mediæval world in which the Saint appeared as a great reformer, and tells of the curious circumstances in which he founded his order, of its missionary efforts, and other important events, discusses the question of the stigmata and the seraphic vision, and closes with a review of the influence of St. Francis on art and literature—that influence which is so strongly marked in Giotto and Dante, in the "Fioretti di San Francesco," and the mystical canticles "Of the Sun" and "Of Divine Love." The contents of the book were originally given as a course of lectures, in which shape there was no occasion to object to them; but in a book, a large part, perhaps one-third, is superfluous.

An Essay by M. Brunetière

WHEN M. Ferdinand Brunetière was about to leave New York, last spring, he accepted an offer from the editors of *The Critic* for the five lectures on Contemporary French Literature given in this city under the auspices of Columbia University, promising to write them out, on his return to Paris, from the very slight notes from which they had been delivered. The manuscript was to be sent to us in July. Later, an extension of time (to September) was asked for and granted; but still the lectures failed to come. As we had announced and advertised them, and many of our readers had inquired when they were to begin to appear, we wrote recently to M. Brunetière and asked him to make some statement which would exonerate us from blame in the sight of our subscribers. In answer to this request came the very courteous letter of explanation, reparation and regret which we printed on May 21, in which the writer offered to prepare an article on any branch of contemporary French literature we should name, to atone for his unavoidable failure to redeem his promise.

We have written to M. Brunetière that we shall be guided in our choice of a subject for the promised article by the wishes of our readers; and we shall accordingly be glad to hear from them as to the branch or phase of Contemporary French Literature on which they would most enjoy hearing his views. The titles of his five Lenox Lyceum addresses on this general subject were "Poetry," "History," "The Drama," "Criticism" and "The Novel."

On that one of these five subjects on which most of *The Critic's* readers would like to hear the eminent critic speak, we shall ask him to send an essay. The polls will remain open until June 30.

A Gifted Family

THE unexpected death on May 3, after a brief illness, of Edward Dickinson, for twelve years assistant librarian of Amherst College, calls attention newly to the large place this family has filled in the history of the College, and the marked literary ability which has characterized some of its members. Samuel Fowler Dickinson, the great-grandfather of Edward, was more active and influential in the founding of the College than any other man, with possibly one exception. His son Edward was Treasurer of the College from 1835 to 1873, when he was succeeded by his son William Austin, who held the position till his death in 1895. The latter was a man of unusual æsthetic qualities, to whom the town and college owed most of the impulse to the artistic treatment of grounds and surroundings which is so marked a feature of the place at present. His daughter, Martha Gilbert Dickinson, is already attracting attention by the rare quality of her verses, which find a place in the leading magazines. (See "To Cleopatra's Mummy," in the *March Atlantic*.)

And now that her brother Edward has died, remarkable testimonies are appearing not only to his efficiency as a librarian, his unfailing courtesy and kindly helpfulness toward the patrons of the library, and to the rare traits of character which won for him the esteem and respect of all who knew him, but also to the excellence of his taste, and the fine qualities of his mind, as revealed mainly in his letters. He had the family trait, so marked in his aunt Emily, whose verses have been so warmly received, of a fine reserve, and it is doubtful if any line of his was ever printed. But, like her, he opened his heart to his intimate friends, who were few and choice, and he showed then a faculty for expression closely akin to genius.

In a brief memorial service held in the College church on May 5th, Prof. H. H. Neill paid a loving tribute to his memory, and to illustrate both the depth of his feeling and his felicity in expression, read some passages from his letters, some of them showing fine descriptive powers. One contained this bit of literary criticism:—"Just at present I am running over with the juice extracted from the 'Autobiography of Mark Rutherford.' Such writing we have never seen. It far surpasses 'Robert Elsmere.' The first is the original thought of a man who is most extraordinarily honest with himself, the other the result of careful and tasteful compilation. The author of 'Rutherford' looks at things spiritual in a reasonable way, honestly, hopefully, with none of Ingersoll's swagger."

AMHERST, MASS., 13 May 1898.

W. I. F.

The Lounger

IN SPITE of wars and rumors of war, old Omar holds his own. It would astonish that wise old Persian if he knew the amount of attention that he is attracting from the Western barbarians to-day. It would astonish rare old FitzGerald, too; for his masterpiece lacked due appreciation in the sight of his contemporaries. Mr. Quaritch can speak feelingly on that subject, for no man knows better than he how the "Rubaiyat" was neglected on its first appearance. To be sure there is but one current edition of FitzGerald in England, but we have them here by the dozen. England, however, abounds in other translations, all of which are published at a high price. The most recent heretofore was Mr. Heron-Allen's prose translation, of which mention has been made in this column; and now we have an interminable translation (eight hundred and forty-five quatrains), made in rhyme, I cannot say verse, by Mr. John Payne, for the Villon Society. Mr. Le Gallienne at least imitated FitzGerald, but Mr. Payne seems to have been untrammelled. Really the Omar Khayyám Club has grounds for action.

PERHAPS the most striking thing about Mr. Payne's version is the translator's modesty. "My version is far more accurate than any other in existence," he says. My knowledge of Persian will not permit me to dispute this statement; but accurate or inaccurate I do not think the result inspiring, and quote herewith a few quatrains to prove my point:—

"O ogling, coquettish, light-minded, inconstant fair maid,
Sit, and thousands of troubles at rest by thy session be laid!
Thou biddest me look not upon thee; alack! this command
Is as if 'Hold the pitcher awry and spill not' it were said.

Thine every wish of the world e'en won suppose;
This life forpast and the term outrun suppose;
'A hand,' say'st thou, 'I'll clap on my heart's desire' ?
Thou canst not; or, if thou canst, it done suppose.

How many a night in research ne'er spent yet! How many!
How many outside themselves foot never set! How many!
How many a churl in fine raiment doth jet! How many!
How many fair fame with backbiting beset! How many!

Skinker, the heaven but a foam from the sea of thy gifts and
grace is;
Many a Mecca of the soul in thy quarter's narrow space is.
If in the Kaabeh of the Soul of the Highest Place I question,
Lo, on the thither road to die for me a 'Highest Place' is."

AT THE RECENT dinner of the Omar Khayyám Club in London, Mr. Asquith was the guest of the evening. His speech was "neat and appropriate," but it shed no new light on the subject of his remarks. He did not pretend to any special fitness for the task, nor did he show any. He was, however, appreciative, and that answered every purpose. Mr. Owen Seaman's quatrains made the hit of the evening. They ran thus:—

"The Lion and the Alligator squat
In Dervish Courts—the weather being hot—
Under umbrellas. Where is Mahmud now?
Plucked by the Kitcheners and gone to Pot!

Not so with Thee, but in thy place of Rest
Where East is East, and never can be West,
Thou art the enduring Theme of dining Bards:
O make allowances; they do their Best."

MR. GEORGE MACMILLAN, of Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who are FitzGerald's publishers in England, replied to a member who asked for an edition of the "Rubaiyat" cheaper than half a guinea, that his firm would soon have a new one on the

market, but that it would be sold at a whole guinea! He smilingly added that he thought that the Club should value its namesake too highly to want him printed in a cheap edition. This turned the laugh on the member, but at the same time we are to be congratulated—waiving them orality of the question—that we can buy our Omar at almost any price, and in very pretty editions. One of the prettiest that I know of is the cheapest. I fear, however, that FitzGerald's heirs do not get much in the way of copyright from the American editions. Mr. Clement K. Shorter, who is an enthusiastic Omarian, says that he has no less than eight editions of FitzGerald's version. I know of six American editions, and one to come. I wonder if he possesses each of these?

SPEAKING of Mr. Shorter: I see that that indefatigable literary worker is about to bring out an edition of Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, of which Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. are to be the American publishers. Nothing could be more natural than that Mr. Shorter should write an introduction and edit a new edition of this fascinating biography. You may be sure, however, that he will show up all of its weaknesses. He did much of this in his book, "*Charlotte Brontë and Her Circle*," but in that volume he had other things to write about, so he did not say his say on this subject. He may be depended on to make Charlotte's husband a more imposing personage than Mrs. Gaskell did. Much new material will be included in this book.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE is having a delightful time in England. He is the guest of Mr. J. M. Barrie, and incidentally of various literary clubs. He is also giving readings in drawing-rooms, which the London public gladly pay ten shillings to attend. This is Mr. Cable's first visit to England, and I imagine that it will not be his last. If he wants to make a great hit I should advise him to sing some of those Creole songs that he used to sing before he became a public speaker, and to sing them as he sang them then, simply and without any attempt at the singer's art. He was best when he was untutored. I heard him in a friend's house in New York before he had any thought of appearing in public, and he was charming; but later he took lessons and his singing lost much of its unique quality.

IT IS A pleasant thing to make a great success as a novelist and to follow it up with a success as a dramatist. This, as every one knows, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has done; but success has its painful side. Years and years ago, the late Mrs. John T. Raymond (Marie Gordon) played a version of Mrs. Burnett's novel, "*That Lass o' Lowrie's*"—dramatized by Mr. Julian Magnus, I believe. Mrs. Raymond did not play it very long, and it disappeared from the stage. Then the late Charles Reade dramatized the story, which any one with half an eye could see had great dramatic possibilities. I don't know whether Mr. Reade's version was played at the time it was made, but I do know that Mrs. Burnett not long ago gave Miss Rose Eytinge the right to produce it in this country. Miss Eytinge has produced the play throughout the country, with what success I do not know; but I hear that she has announced it as her own and Mrs. Burnett's dramatization! A friend writes me from London that Mrs. Burnett is indignant at what Miss Eytinge has done, and that the matter is now in the hands of her lawyer. Of course Mrs. Burnett does not know what Miss Eytinge may have done with the dramatization, but so far as she is concerned there is no foundation for the announcement that she has collaborated with her. To tell the truth, Mrs. Burnett has not even read the version that Miss Eytinge announces as their joint work.

I HAVE often wondered what is the rule of selection in out-of-town literary societies—for what particular reason one person is asked to read a paper on a literary subject, and another is not. After thinking the matter over for a number of years, I have come to the conclusion that when a certain man or woman is asked to write an essay upon a certain subject, he or she is selected for his, or her, absolute ignorance of that subject. I have come to this conclusion after reading a large number of letters from those selected for the work, who have applied to me to help them out. The form of letter that I am in the habit of receiving runs about this way:—

"I have been appointed by the Ladies Learned Literary Club of Wormwood Hollow, to write an essay upon the life and works of George Eliot. Will you please" (they sometimes say please) "tell me whether George Eliot is, or was, a man or a woman? Judging by the name I suppose that she is, or was, a man, but from her portraits she seems to be, or to have been, more of a woman. But from her works, we have one in our Club library, I should judge that she is, or was, a man, for her writings have not the feminine charm of Mrs. Southworth, May Agnes Fleming or E. P. Roe. Is George Eliot considered a greater writer than either of those mentioned, and if so will you give me the reasons why she, or he, should be so considered. Is George Eliot a real or assumed name? If the latter, he may be, or have been, a woman. Please make me out a list of her, or his, works, together with the date of their publication. Any biographical items that you can supply me with I would be glad to get, and would like them at once as I have to deliver my essay at our next monthly meeting. P. S. Who was George Lewes? Was he any relation to George Eliot?"

You may think this an exaggeration, but I assure you it is far from it. Indeed, I have received many letters that were even more hopeless, and I should like to know the state of mind of the literary societies before whom the essays are read. I daresay, however, they are edified.

FROM a preface to a volume of drawings by Mlle. Yvette Guilbert it appears that she was born on 20 Jan. 1868, but this point is not insisted upon, the writer adding:—"This requires investigation. It cannot give Yvette's age. Yvette has no age. She has eternal youth." Yvette's mother was an embroiderer of great merit. The daughter was apprenticed to a working dressmaker, but her natural bent for the stage asserted itself and overcame many obstacles. The apprentice dressmaker is now a wealthy woman, with a fine house in Paris and a château in the country, and an American husband.

Anglo-Saxon Union Eagle and Lion

*Add ye—add ye the Eagle's pinion
To the Lion's tread and his maned wrath!
Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!*

I

Mother of Celt, and of Cymric, and Briton,
Nurse of lone isles in the Asian main,
Deep in thy heart is the mother-love written—
Who ever sought it, and sought it in vain?

II

Thou gatherest all with enfoldings maternal,—
Races wide-sundered, the fair and the swart,
Sunburnt, or scorched by the frost wind hibernal—
Thou holdest them all in thy cherishing heart!

III

These are mere aliens—but thou hadst a daughter!
Her firstling words—they were lisped at thy knee:
Thou hearest her voice, beyond the gray water,
How like is the voice—the face like to thee!

IV

Thou hearest her singing Liberty's pæan!
(She learned it from thee, she was rocked on thy breast.)
Its echoes are heard in the Isles Caribbean,—
From the seas in the east to the seas in the west!

V

From thee she inherits a largess of story:
Thy towers, and thy tombs, and the music eterne
Of the bards who, still chanting of valor and glory,
Deny that their ashes are cold in the urn!

VI

From thee she inherits the deathless tradition,
Yet she will repay, and with increase will bless:
The hopes of the race in a fuller fruition,
Inherit from her—and inherit no less!

VII

Toilers of hers and of thine, in the quarry;
Riders of thine and of hers, on the plains;
Soon, perchance, proven in sea-fight and foray,
One is the blood that leaps in your veins!

VIII

Mother from daughter who shall dis sever,
Who overthrow the fabric ye rear?
The bond that ye make, it shall bind forever:—
These shall revere it, and those shall fear!

IX

(Fear it shall they who with Faith would palter,
Their boast—their reproach—immemorial Wrong!
Fear it shall they—and the red hand shall falter,
Caught back by the hand of the stern and the strong!)

X

Yours be the power that, o'ercoming, assuages,
Yours to bind Evil, and Good to release;
By you be fulfilled the dream of the ages,
Conquer the World—and cede it to Peace!

*Join ye the land and the air's dominion,
Together prevail on the deep sea's path!
Add ye—add ye the Eagle's pinion
To the Lion's tread and his maned wrath!*

EDITH M. THOMAS.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., 16 May 1898.

Ambassador Hay's Easter Speech

WE TAKE pleasure in giving herewith the full text of Ambassador Hay's speech at the Easter Banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London on April 20. It merits the attention it attracted and the commendations it received.

"I am honored in having the privilege of thanking you, on behalf of all my colleagues as well as myself, and the countries which we represent, for the cordiality with which this toast has been proposed and the kindness with which it has been received. In this place, the civic heart of London, the home of a traditional and princely hospitality, whence from time immemorial the only challenge that has gone forth has been one inviting the world to that wholesome competition in civilizing arts which benefits all parties to it, we cannot but accept this courtesy in the spirit in which it is tendered, and in return wish success and prosperity to England and to British trade and commerce, in the full assurance that all the nations of the world will profit more or less directly by every extension of British commerce and the enterprise and enlightenment that go with it hand in hand.

"Perhaps I may be pardoned if I say a word about my own country. Knitted as we are to the people of Great Britain by a thousand ties, of origin, of language, and of kindred pursuits, it is inevitable that we should have from time to time occasions of discussion and even of difference. We hear sometimes that we are thought to be somewhat eager and pertinacious in the pur-

suit of our own interests. If that is so, I can say, I hope with no impertinence and in a spirit rather of pride than of contrition, that it merely goes to show of what stock we are. But this truth is unquestionable—that for now nearly three generations of men there has been peace between us and friendly regard, a peace growing more solid and durable as years go by, and a friendship that I am sure the vast majority of both peoples hope and trust is to be eternal.

"The reasons of a good understanding between us lie deeper than any considerations of mere expediency. All of us who think cannot but see that there is a sanction like that of religion which binds us to a sort of partnership in the beneficent work of the world. Whether we will it or not, we are associated in that work by the very nature of things and no man and no group of men can prevent it. We are bound by a tie which we did not forge and which we cannot break; we are joint ministers of the same sacred mission of liberty and progress, charged with duties which we cannot evade by the imposition of irresistible hands. It may be trite and even tedious for me to refer again at this distance of time to the mighty pageant of last June, but I may ask leave to recall one incident of the naval review which will long be remembered by those who saw it.

"In the evening of that memorable day, when all the ships lay enshrouded in darkness, the commander of the Brooklyn ran up the British and American colors, and then at a given signal turned upon those two kindred flags the brilliant rays of her search-lights. In that high illumination, shrouded in clear radiance far above the obscurity that hid the engines of destruction and preparations for war, those friendly banners fluttered, proclaiming to the navies of the world their message of good will. The beauty of the scene lasted but a moment; it passed away with much of the splendor and magnificence that adorned the historic day; but may we not hope that the lesson and the inspiration of that spectacle may last as long as those banners shall float over the seven seas carrying always in their shadow freedom and civilization?"

Mr. Chamberlain at Birmingham

WE QUOTE that part of the speech of the British Secretary of State for the Colonies which won the heartiest applause of the Birmingham Liberal-Unionist Association, on May 13.

"All the powerful States of Europe have made alliances, and as long as we keep outside of these alliances, as long as we are envied by all and suspected by all, and as long as we have interests which at one time or another conflict with the interests of all, we are liable to be confronted at any moment with a combination of great Powers so powerful that not even the most hot-headed politician would be able to contemplate it without a certain sense of uneasiness.

"What is the first duty of a government under these circumstances? I say, without hesitation, that the first duty is to draw all parts of the Empire closer together—to infuse into them a spirit of united and of imperial patriotism. We have not neglected that primary duty. We have pursued it steadfastly and with results that are patent to all the world. Never before in the history of the British Empire have the ties with our great colonies and dependencies been stronger.

"What is our next duty? It is to establish and to maintain bonds of permanent amity with our kinsmen across the Atlantic. There is a powerful and a generous nation. They speak our language. They are bred of our race. Their laws, their literature, their standpoint upon every question, is the same as ours. Their feeling, their interests in the cause of humanity and the peaceful developments of the world are identical with ours. I don't know what the future has in store for us; I don't know what arrangements may be possible with us; but this I do know and feel, that the closer, the more cordial, the fuller, and the more definite these arrangements are, with the consent of both peoples, the better it will be for both and for the world—and I even go so far as to say that, terrible as war may be, even war itself would be cheaply purchased if, in a great and noble cause, the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance. Now, it is one of the most satisfactory results of Lord Salisbury's policy, that at the present time these two great nations understand each other better than they have ever done since, more than a century ago, they were separated by the blunder of the British Government."

Tennyson's "Hands All Round"

(FEBRUARY 3, 1852.)

GIGANTIC daughter of the West,
We drink to thee across the flood;
We know thee most, we love thee best,
For art thou not of British blood?
Should war's mad blast again be blown,
Permit not thou the tyrant Powers
To fight thy mother here alone,
But let thy broadsides roar with ours.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great name of England round and round.

Oh, rise, our strong Atlantic sons,
When war against our freedom springs!
Oh, speak to Europe thro' your guns!
They can be understood by kings.
You must not mix our Queen with those
That wish to keep their people fools;
Our freedom's foemen are her foes,
She comprehends the race she rules.
Hands all round!
God the tyrant's cause confound!
To our great kinsmen of the West, my friends,
And the great cause of freedom round and round.

The Late Mr. Bellamy

MR. EDWARD BELLAMY, the well-known writer, died on Sunday morning last at Chicopee Falls, Mass., in the forty-ninth year of his age. He was born in the village where he died. Mr. Bellamy had been in bad health for some time past and had gone from one health-resort to another, finding little if any relief. He went with his family to Colorado in September last, but returned a few weeks ago when he was convinced that his days were numbered and that the number was few. He died among his friends, and that is as he wished it to be.

Mr. Bellamy's success as a writer was purely accidental. He was barely known to the general public when his story, "Looking Backward," was published. On its first publication it attracted comparatively little attention, but in a short time its success became assured, and it attained the largest sale ever reached by any American novel, with the one exception of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The story is entirely imaginative and altogether improbable, but it fell in with a popular sentiment on the subject of socialism and was received as something little short of gospel by tens of thousands of people hungering for they knew not what. It is very doubtful whether Mr. Bellamy intended the book to be taken as seriously as it was, but there is no doubt but that in the end he himself took it as seriously as its most ardent admirer. "Looking Backward" was followed in ten years by "Equality," a book on exactly the same plan, which, while it had what would have been a large sale for a book by almost any other writer, did not reach the popularity of its predecessor, for "Looking Backward" not only had an extraordinary sale in the United States and England, but was translated into almost every language. Societies were organized on its teachings, and Bellamy clubs were started all over the land. Many of the author's admirers believed that a new era had dawned, or was about to dawn. A little thought proved to the wiser of his followers that Mr. Bellamy's theories were Utopian, and now they are almost forgotten.

These two were not the only books written by Mr. Bellamy. He was the author of "Six to One" published in 1877; "A Nan-tucket Idyl," 1878; "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," 1879, and "Miss Ludington's Sister," 1884. He also wrote many short stories for the magazines, and essays on sociology. Mr. Bellamy was a direct descendant of the eminent theologian of the Revolutionary period, Dr. Joseph Bellamy of Bethlehem, Conn., who was the preceptor of Aaron Burr. He received a careful education, including a course at Union College and a year of study in Germany. He also studied law and was a member of the Hampden County bar. In 1871 he came to New York and joined the staff of *The Evening Post*. As critic and editorial writer of the Springfield Union he achieved a certain amount of success a few years later. His health failed him in 1878, and he made a journey to Hawaii. On his return he, with others, founded the



MR. EDWARD BELLAMY

Springfield News. Two years later he retired from newspaper work to devote himself to novel-writing.

The Writing of "Pendennis"

IT WOULD be very difficult for me to say which I love the more—"Vanity Fair" or "Pendennis." The latter I have read the oftener. It is some time since I have read it, but there was a time when I considered no year complete that had not taken me through "Pendennis." The copy that I read through nine times was published in Harper's Franklin Square Library, and had paper covers. When they were worn off I had it rebound at a country bindery. The binding was strong but not handsome. The sides were of marbled boards and the back, coming quite well over, was of plain, unadorned sheepskin; but I loved it as one loves an old friend, no matter what the material or cut of his coat. I would give a good deal to have that book now, but it has been lost in many movings. I have other copies, but none will ever be the same to me as that double-columned small-type edition, lettered on its sheepskin back by my unskilful hand.

The second volume in the Biographical Edition of Thackeray's works, published by Messrs. Harper, is "Pendennis"; and in her introduction Mrs. Ritchie tell us many things that we are glad to know. Some of the first chapters, she thinks, must have been written within the first quarter of the century. Someone very like Helen Pendennis was the mistress of Larkbeare, where Thackeray spent his holidays as a boy. A book of pictures of these old days, Mrs. Ritchie says, was collected by Mr. Fitzgerald (whom she calls "Fitzgerald" half the time). Among them is a drawing of Larkbeare and of Pen's "trusty mare, Rebecca, with the reins hanging loose upon her neck—only it is my father with folded arms who is looking up at the moon from her back." Both of these sketches are given in this introduction. Thackeray also made a sketch of his step-father, Major Carmichael-Smyth, "who was very proud of his step-son's intellect, and himself prepared him a great deal for his career at Cambridge." Euclid was child's play to Thackeray, but algebra he disliked, and he declared to the end of his life that he could "never understand the difference between latitude and longitude." When Thackeray went to Cambridge he was barely eighteen years old, and his step-father traveled with him. I am permitted to reproduce a sketch of Mrs. Carmichael-Smyth made by her son; it is interesting, but how much more so it would be if we could only see the face! It was Laura, one of the daughters of Horace Smith, that suggested Pendennis's Laura to Thackeray, but I fancy that it was the name rather than the characteristics that were so suggested. Of the original of Pendennis himself, Mrs. Ritchie says:—



From "Pendennis."—Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

"Nor must I forget to mention a visitor who used to come to Kensington in the very early days of Pendennis. He was a rather short, good-looking young man, with a fair, placid face.



From "Pendennis."

Copyright, 1898, by Harper & Brothers.

"ON NE VOIT" (MRS. CARMICHAEL-SMYTH)

It was summer-time, and we dined at some early hour; and one day after dinner, by daylight still, my father pulled out his sketch-book and began to make a drawing of his guest. This was a young literary man just beginning his career; his name was Charles Lamb Kenny, and we were told that he was to be the hero of the new book, or rather, that the hero was to look like Mr. Kenny. Costigan came to life bodily, as we know from the 'Roundabout Papers,' which describe him walking straight out of the book into Evans's one evening; and it would not be difficult to follow certain vague associations between Shandon in the Fleet and Dr. Maginn."

There are two letters from Thackeray to his mother concerning "Pendennis." He proposes to go to the sea or somewhere where he can work uninterruptedly upon his new book. On the subject of family plans he says:—

"I wonder whether you will take a house with three extra rooms in it, so that we could stow into it coming down. I should think for £60 a year one might easily find such a one. As for the dignity, I don't believe it matters a pinch of snuff. Tom Carlyle lives in perfect dignity in a little £40 house at Chelsea, with a snuffy Scotch maid to open the door, and the best company in England ringing at it. It is only the second or third chop great folks who care about show. 'And why don't you live with a maid yourself?' I think I hear somebody saying. Well, I can't; I want a man to be going my own messages, which occupy him pretty well. There must be a cook, and a woman about the children, and that horse is the best doctor I get in London; in fine, there are a hundred good reasons for a lazy, liberal, not extravagant, but costly way of life."

Not all of Thackeray's friends liked "Pendennis" and he had some unhappy moments about it. Fitzgerald and Tennyson liked it at first, but the former changed his mind as it went on, and begged Thackeray to give it up, saying that he thought it very stupid. Thackeray was not the sort of man to give up a task once entered upon, though he, too, often had his doubts, but he stuck to it and finished one of his best novels. "To myself and many of my own generation," says Mrs. Ritchie, "it has always seemed as if there was a special music in 'Pendennis,' and the best wisdom of a strong heart beating under its yellow waist coat."

"Pendennis" was finished in 1850. "Having completed my story this day," he writes to his mother, "and wrote *Finis*, I am very tired, weary, and solemn-minded. So I say, God bless my

dearest mother and G. P. ere I try to go and get some sleep. . . . I've been in bed for the best part of two days since I wrote this, and asleep the greater part of the time. I was much done up, had a small fever, boiled myself in a warm bath, went without dinner, slept fifteen hours, and am now as brisk as a bee and as fresh as a daisy. I wanted very much to come with the young ones to Paris for Christmas, but don't know whether we shall be able to make it out just at that season, in consequence of the death of my poor aunt, Mrs. F. Thackeray. Her children being left without a home now, I could not but offer them one for the holidays, and I don't know yet whether they'll come or no. I have a letter from young Edward this morning, telling me when his holidays are, and asking when he shall come up about his cadetship. The oldest boy is a very clever, hard-reading lad, and is likely to get King's, a hard matter nowadays, when he'll do well. But if we don't come at Christmas we'll come a little later. I won't begin any new work without having a little time with you. . . . I've got a better subject for a novel than any I've yet had." This novel must have been "Esmond," his daughter thinks.

Notwithstanding the death of Helen Pendennis and one or two sad bits, Mrs. Ritchie agrees with Mr. Herman Merivale, that "Pendennis" is her father's most cheerful novel. Of the death of Helen; she says:—

"I can remember the morning Helen died. My father was in his study in Young Street, sitting at the table at which he wrote. It stood in the middle of the room, and he used to sit facing the door. I was going into the room, but he motioned me away. An hour afterwards he came into our schoolroom, half-laughing and half-ashamed, and said to us: 'I do not know what James can have thought of me when he came in with the tax-gatherer just after you left, and found me blubbering over Helen Pendennis's death.' In one of the Brookfield letters my father writes of my little sister: 'M. says, "Oh, papa, do make her well again; she can have a regular doctor, and be almost dead, and then will come a homœopathic doctor, who will make her well, you know."'

Thackeray did not like to have "Pendennis" called a caricature, and I cannot see why it should ever have been so called, except by the people who were themselves the originals of the characters that the novelist drew. I have generally found that it is the Capt. Shandons and Bungays and Miss Bunions who fail to see themselves as others see them. When Thackeray answered his critics he said that his attempt was "to tell the truth and to tell it not unkindly," and it seems to me that he succeeded.

J. L. G.

The Late Miss Pool

MISS MARIA LOUISE POOL, a writer of some exceedingly clever stories of New England life, died at her home, Rockland, Mass., on the 19th of the present month. Miss Pool was educated in her native town, where she died, and after her graduation became a teacher. Her health, however, would not allow her to go on in that exhausting work, so she tried her skill at writing. She took for her subjects the life at her door, and she caught its spirit with remarkable fidelity. She had only been writing for the past ten or twelve years, though she was in her fifty-eighth year at the time of her death. Her first book was "A Vacation in a Buggy." In 1889-90 the serial publication of "Dally" was begun in the New York *Tribune*. It was followed in the same paper by "Roweny in Boston," "Mrs. Keats Bradford," "The Two Salomes," "Katharine North," "Out of Step," "Against Human Nature" and "In the First Person." Two of these books, "Dally" and "Against Human Nature," relate to life in the Carolina Mountains, but most of Miss Pool's work related to New England. Among her later works were "In a Dyke Shanty" and "Mrs. Gerald."

Notes

THE DEATH of Gladstone has let loose a flood of biographical literature quite unprecedented in volume. Most of this is of merely ephemeral interest, but a permanent place will have to be reserved for the study of the eminent statesman's life and character written by the Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P., author of "The American Commonwealth." This was prepared when Mr. Gladstone finally quitted office, four years ago, and carefully revised within the past few weeks. It is an appreciation, but not an indiscriminating eulogy, by an intimate personal and political friend, who served under the great Liberal leader in his last two

Cabinets. The Century Co. will publish it within the next ten days.

The last literary manuscript from Mr. Gladstone's hand was his tribute to the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam, his friend at Eton and after. The article was written for *The Youth's Companion*, and appeared in the last New Year's number. The finishing touches were made in the statesman's own handwriting in November.

We regret Mr. Carl Schurz's retirement from his editorial connection with *Harper's Weekly*. If, however, this means that he will give more time to his Memoirs, we shall have no occasion to regret his retirement in the end.

Mr. Heinemann will publish Mr. Henry Savage Landor's book of travels in Tibet in London, and Messrs. Harper will publish it here, while a French translation is in preparation through Messrs. Hachette, and a German one through Mr. Brockhaus. There will also be an Hungarian and a Bohemian translation, and in all probability a Russian and an Italian one.

Messrs. Lippincott announce a new edition of Admiral Ammen's "Memoirs," containing a letter from Gen. Grant in which he says of Spain:—"It is hard to foretell the future of Spain. The people are good enough if, as you say, they could see any return for their labor. But, as it is, there seems to be no integrity among the ruling class. . . . I have no idea that the existing state of affairs can last long. It will not be long before the experiment of a republic will be tried again, and probably with more success than the last time."

Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Helbeck of Bannisdale," which will be published by the Macmillan Co. on June 10, deals partly with social Catholic life in the north of England.

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson, upon which Mr. Colvin is engaged, will be published at the end of the year in three volumes, one biographical and two of correspondence, says *The Evening Post's* London cable letter.

Now that the London *Times* has taken kindly to the "book club" idea and is selling "The Encyclopedia Britannica" through the instrumentality of an American firm, other American instigators of the "club" plan are looking toward England with serious intentions. It would not surprise us if one of the big London journals should form a club for selling the Library of the World's Best Literature. Conservative methods seem to have had their day in certain lines of business. And why not? Business men (even book publishers) have to "hustle" nowadays.

General Fitz Hugh Lee's book on Cuba will be published by Messrs. J. A. Hill & Co. in the fall, probably in September.

On account of the special timeliness of the June *Century*, the day of issue has been changed from the first of June to Saturday, May 28th. This number contains the paper on "The Spanish Armada," with an introduction by Capt. Mahan; and "Ten Months with the Cuban Insurgents," describing the experiences of a major in the Cuban army.

In speaking of the article on Mr. E. L. Godkin published in *The Critic's* series of "Authors at Home," Dr. Robertson Nicoll says in *The British Weekly*:—"Perhaps, on the whole, Mr. Godkin may be called the first of living journalists, now that R. H. Hutton is gone."

"Opinion among publishers points to John Morley as the probable biographer of Gladstone, whose uncompleted chapters of autobiography are believed to have been sent to him," says I. N. F. in *The Tribune*. We hope that this is more than a rumor.

Lieut. Peary's "Northward Over the Great Ice" will be published by the F. A. Stokes Co. to-day. The publishers report an encouraging number of advance orders. The fact that other publishers are holding back, they think, has been to their advantage; at any rate they feel sanguine of the success of the book. The author has dedicated his work "To those who link me with the Past and the Future, my Mother and my Daughter." The latter, it will be remembered, was born in the frozen North. In the introduction Lieut. Peary tells of his struggles to raise

funds for his various expeditions. Contrary to popular belief, the Government has never appropriated, nor been asked to appropriate, a dollar for any of his expeditions. So unreservedly have the slender fortunes of himself and Mrs. Peary, and their combined earnings, been devoted to the work in which he is interested, that the explorer is several thousand dollars in debt today. Let us hope that the sale of this book will wipe out this debt and leave him as rich as Nansen.

London is to have two new literary papers—*The London Review*, edited by Mr. Oswald Crawford, and *The Literary Gazette*, a journal to be devoted exclusively to notices of current publications. London is the Paradise of periodical publishers.

Some one asks us why we omitted the name of Lincoln from the list of celebrities born in 1809, which we printed last week apropos of the death of Mr. Gladstone. We cannot say. The amended list would read: Lincoln, Poe, Dr. Holmes, Gladstone, Tennyson, Darwin, Lord Houghton, Edward Fitzgerald, Prof. Blackie, Mary Cowden-Clarke and Mendelssohn.

"The Two Magics" is the rather strange name of Mr. Henry James's forthcoming novel.

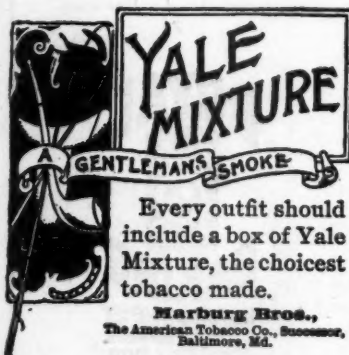
Not only have Americans taken possession of the dramatic stage in London, but they hold the operatic boards also, with Miss Suzanne Adams, Miss Franchon Thompson and Miss Rondez among the newcomers and Mme. Eames, Mme. Nordica and Miss Zélie de Lussan among the old favorites. The season has been a great success, and all the papers are praising Mr. Grau's management.

Those who know Mr. James Barnes only as the historian of naval heroes will be surprised when they receive their June *McClure's* to find that he is a balladist of no mean gifts. His "Songs of the Ships of Steel," which appear for the first time in that magazine, have a fine swing and show a greater knowledge of the subject than is often displayed by poets. The F. A. Stokes Co. will publish a volume of Mr. Barnes's ballads with illustrations by Mr. Rufus Zogbaum.

In "The English Emersons, Emmersons, or Embersons," by P. H. Emerson, the baptisms of the children of Thomas and Elizabeth (who emigrated to Ipswich, Mass., U. S. A.) in 1638, and from whom Ralph Waldo Emerson was directly descended, are given, the book having been a little delayed so that full details might be included. Mr. David Nutt is the publisher.

The publication of "The Shadows of the Trees, and Other Poems," by Mr. Robert Burns Wilson, which was announced by R. H. Russell this spring, has been delayed until fall in order to include in the volume some of Mr. Wilson's latest poems. The book will contain Mr. Wilson's best work, with twelve illustrations from nature by Mr. C. Grant La Farge, reproduced in photogravure. A special edition will also be issued on handmade paper, limited to 250 copies.

A recent number of *Le Théâtre*, that sumptuous weekly devoted to the stage, contains a critical article on Miss Julia Marlowe, by Mr. Charles de Kay. It is illustrated with reproductions in color, as well as in black-and-white. The publishers of this journal, Messrs. Boussod, Manzi, Joyant & Co., evidently intend to give it an international interest. It has already paid its re-



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Publications Received

About, E. Le Roi des Montagnes. Introduction and notes by T. Logie. 40c.
D. C. Heath & Co.
Alexander, J. W. Princeton—Old and New. \$1.25. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Allen, Wheat in the Ear. \$1.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
American History told by Contemporaries. Vol. II. Building of the Republic. \$2.00. The Macmillan Co.
Bennett, E. A. Journalism for Women. 75c. John Lane.
Bookmaking. The Peter Paul Book Co.
Brown, R. Jr. Semitic Influence in Hellenic Mythology. \$2.50. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Cæsar's Gallic War. Allen & Greenough's Edition reedited. Ginn & Co.
Calderwood, H. David Hume. 75c. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Carlyle, T. History of Frederick the Great. Vol. VI. \$1.25. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co.
Cawein, M. Idyllic Monologues. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
Century Magazine, The. Nov. '97 to April '98. The Century Co.
Chapel Hymns, The. 60c. Phila.: Presbyterian Board of Publication.
Davis, R. H. Cuba in War Time. R. H. Russell.
Dorr, J. C. R. In Kings' Houses. \$1.50. L. C. Page & Co.
Eugene Field Book, The. Ed. by M. E. Burt and M. B. Cable. 60c. Charles Scribner's Sons.
First Voyage of Vasco de Gama. Tr. and ed. by E. G. Rovenstein. London: The Hakluyt Society.
FitzGerald, E. Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam. 50c. William Doxey.
Gladstone, W. E. Arthur Henry Hallam. Perry Mason & Co.
Hewlett, M. The Forest Lovers. \$1.50. The Macmillan Co.
Hutchison, H. G. The Golfing Pilgrims. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.
King, R. D. The Child Who Will Never Grow Old. \$1.25. John Lane.
Lent, W. B. Halycon Days in Norway, France and the Dolomites. \$1.50. Bonnell, Silver & Co.
Love in Friendship. Tr. by Henri Pene du Bois. Meyer Bros. & Co.
Maynard, L. The Philanthropist. London: Methuen & Co.
Meredith, G. Sandra Belloni. Vittoria. \$1.50 each. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Nield, T. The Temple Harp. 60c. Cincinnati: Monfort & Co.
Parkhurst, H. E. How to Name the Birds. \$1. Charles Scribner's Sons.
Peary, R. E. Northward Over the Great Ice. 2 vols. \$6.75. F. A. Stokes Co.
Plato's Apology of Socrates, Crito, and Phædo. Introduction by C. L. Kitchel. \$1.25. American Book Co.
Romero, M. Coffee and India-Rubber Culture in Mexico. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Sabatier, Paul. S. Francis Assisiensis. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.
Scott, W. Ivanhoe. 2 vols. \$1.60. Temple Edition.
Taine, H. A L'Histoire de la Littérature Anglaise. Ed. by I. Babbitt. 20c. D. C. Heath & Co.
Trask, S. Bowling Green. Half Moon Series. 10c. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Vallance, A. William Morris. \$1.00. The Macmillan Co.
Walter, E. L'O. Quotations and Inscriptions in the Library of Congress. 25c. Baltimore: Gallery & McCann.
Williams, W. H. Vibration the Law of Life. \$1.25. Denver: The Temple Publishing Co.

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